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The Week

HITHERTO both in its spirit and in its progress the Washington Conference has disappointed the prediction of its enemies and exceeded the expectation of its friends. The worldly wisdom of Mr. Hughes' diplomacy in beginning by creating an atmosphere of good faith and specific achievement is being vindicated. He has manoeuvred into an apologetic and defensive strategy the people who might have raised formidable obstacles to an early agreement upon a substantial limitation of naval armaments. They are placed in the position of blocking progress towards a goal which they all agree in principle is not only desirable but necessary to attain. They do not dare to oppose either very stubbornly or very explicitly—at least in public. They are feeling around for a stopping place on the down grade towards disarmament which they cannot find. They are slipping and they know it.

SOME formidable obstacles have, however, arisen which it would be foolhardy to ignore. At the present writing we do not regard the claim of the Japanese for a somewhat larger percentage of tonnage in capital ships than that which Mr. Hughes assigned to her as a dangerous obstacle. The question whether Japan deserves sixty or seventy percent of the American and British total is surely one which can be adjusted by a give-and-take negotiation. No ugly question of principle is involved. But the attitude of France with respect both to capital ships and submarines seems likely to become really troublesome. As we understand it, the French government is reluctant either to surrender any part of its existing tonnage of capital ships or to accept any limitation upon the building of submarines. If it persists in this attitude the British government will inevitably become much less interested in disarming. The French claim that they need their existing navy as a protection against a possible recovery by Germany or Russia.

THIS argument is a subterfuge. What they really do not wish to give up is the weapon against Great Britain which even their existing fleet leaves in their hands. The French are on account of the situation of their coast line much the most dangerous naval enemy Great Britain can have, and it seems only fair that under the spirit of Mr. Hughes' plan she should be protected by a proportionate scrapping of French naval armaments. There is, of course, no indication as yet that this obstacle will prove insurmountable. Probably it will be overcome. But it is a significant fact that a European rather than an American or Asiatic complication constitutes the gravest existing obstacle to the complete success of the Hughes' plan.

IN submitting the Far Eastern question to the Conference, Mr. Hughes did not adopt the same tactics as he did in the case of the Limitation of

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Armaments. Instead of publishing his proposals before negotiating, he has opened negotiations about the Far East without first confiding to the public what in particular he proposes to do. The reason for the change in method is obvious. A public diagnosis of the Far Eastern problem and a public program for dealing with it would necessarily have become an indictment of Japanese policy and a proposal for its alteration. To an attack of this kind the Japanese delegation would scarcely have returned an accommodating answer. In order to secure the largest possible voluntary concessions from Japan, it was expedient to consult Japanese susceptibilities. All this is true, and Mr. Hughes was justified in acting as he did. But the method involves one considerable disadvantage. It has deprived the American government of the opportunity of interesting and informing American public opinion about the Far East, and American public opinion is unfortunately far from being either as much aroused or as well informed on this vital question as it should be. The responsibility for instructing it has descended upon the newspapers. They are, it must be admitted, doing an extremely good job.

MR. HUGHES' decision to approach the Far Eastern question by way of private committee meetings rather than by the public highway has had one important and beneficial result. It has enabled the Chinese delegation to seize the public initiative and to propose a group of principles which should in its opinion guide the Conference in any decisions which it may reach about China. Friends of China have criticized these principles as vague and consequently indecisive, but we doubt the force of the objection. In addition to the usual general declarations about the independence and integrity of China and the necessity of keeping the door open, China has put forth certain new and specific claims which if they are admitted will straightway involve extremely specific and far-reaching consequences. Of these much the most important were the demand for a public recording of all existing rights, privileges, immunities which other powers claim to possess in China, and a self-denying ordinance on their part not to enter into any future agreement affecting China without affording her an opportunity to participate and if necessary to protest. The best safeguard for Chinese independence which can be devised at the present time is, as we have previously insisted, to set up a concert in which China is represented. That is precisely what in effect the Chinese delegation is now proposing.

THE bolt of some ninety-two Republicans over the surtax is a healthy sign that the so-called agricultural bloc in the house is alive. This is a trial of strength—of strength that may later be needed in a more serious issue. The issue of the surtax consisted chiefly in a difference of ten percent between what the House voted and what the President thought was a possible compromise. We do not see that any great grievance can be made out of the retention of a fifty percent surtax. During the war there were just as valid moral grounds for conscripting our wealth as for conscripting our man-power. Since we did not conscript wealth, we committed ourselves to the necessity of paying for the war on the instalment plan, and we do not see why the instalments should not be paid in large measure by those who would have borne the chief burden if we had applied the policy of conscription of wealth outright.

THE municipal election in Cleveland, Ohio, resulted in the adoption of amendments to the city charter, whereby in November, 1923, and thereafter, the city council will be elected by proportional representation, and will choose as chief executive officer, a city manager. From the point of view of separating the business of running a city from politics this plan represents the most advanced type of municipal government in the United States, and Cleveland is by all odds the largest city which has adopted it. To quote Professor A. R. Hatton of Western Reserve University, to whose expert advice and practical leadership the result is largely due: "It is the most thoroughgoing attempt to set up an efficient municipal democracy seen anywhere in the world. Cleveland will become the centre of political observation in this country. It will offer the largest scale demonstration of both the manager plan and proportional representation." The popular interest in the matter is shown by the large vote of 136,053, 77,704 in favor of the proposal and 58,349 against it.

THE railroads have made a tactical move which, they hope, will result in public support of a reduction of railroad wages. Freight rates on practically all farm products have been cut ten percent, and the cut—which is to run for six months—will not expire if the roads have in the meantime managed to put through a reduction of wages. In effect the roads say to the public—or more particularly to the farmer, "We have cut your rates, but we cannot make the cut permanent unless the wages of our employees are reduced. It is to your interest

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to bring every possible pressure to bear toward a wage reduction. The justice of such a reduction need not enter into the discussion." Such an appeal is adroitly aimed, for the public naturally puts its own interests above the interest of railroad employees in an American standard of living. But in the Railway Labor Board we have something that is fully able to withstand a public pressure too careless of justice.

IT is the President's policy to develop Alaska; in the words of Secretary Fall to "open it up." One would like to know, when this rich oyster has been "opened up," who is going to have the privilege of eating it. If given authority under the proposed plan for consolidation of all government activities in Alaska, Secretary Fall says he would place the railroads under private control, since he disapproves of government control of railroads or steamships in Alaska or anywhere else. Does Secretary Fall approve of private exploitation of Alaska's forests, now owned by the government, and capable of producing an annual yield of 2,000,000 cords of pulp-wood, or one-third of what our paper industry is going to require? We wonder if the forests of Alaska are not more likely to be conserved if control of them remains with the Department of Agriculture, than if, as Secretary Fall desires, control is transferred to the Interior. Will the lesson we learned in the days of Ballinger be forgotten?

IF wars should cease no one would be more disappointed than the chemists. They have but lately arrived at the slaughter and it is natural that they should feel depressed at any sign of its early discontinuance. In the last war they had only a meagre chance to flesh their gases and acids, but in the next they promised themselves effusively to do killing on a magnificent scale. The proceedings of the American Chemical Association last summer reminded one of the gloating of De Quincey's Murder Society. There is one chemist who has especially strong reasons for resenting the decline of interest in preparedness. Mr. Francis P. Garvan as Enemy Alien Property Custodian acquired a fine knowledge of industrial chemistry, and has since put his experience at the service of the American Chemical Institute. Naturally in the general chorus of disarmament it is his voice that is raised in favor of continuing the fruitful research of chemists so that we might be able to repel attack and counteract the efforts of our secret and unscrupulous foes. "My voice is still for war," says Mr. Garvan.

The New Spirit and Its Opportunity

INCREASINGLY week by week a new and a better moral atmosphere is beginning to pervade the peoples and their rulers. Take a few obvious instances. Before and during the Presidential campaign, the prevailing attitude among business men, Republican politicians and many newspapers clearly favored armed intervention in Mexico. Yet when the Republicans came in, it not only did not take place, but they do not even seriously consider it. A few months ago a Hapsburg restoration in Hungary was talked about as inevitable, but when the unfortunate Charles tried to restore himself, he failed ignominiously. Not long since a mutually acceptable arrangement between Ireland and Great Britain looked utterly hopeless. It is not yet achieved, but it is surely well advanced on the high road to achievement. Finally, this time last year there was to all appearances little effective public opinion in favor of the limitation of armaments. At present there exists little effective opinion in opposition to it.

We must not overestimate the amount of this improvement nor count too much upon its endurance. Up to date it has partially checked a process of rapid moral disintegration rather than initiated a process of recovery. But in spite of its manifest shortcomings this improvement is spreading rapidly and is increasing in self-confidence and in positive achievement as well as in volume. It is clearly the expression of a temper radically different from that which prevailed during and after the war.

Hitherto its various expressions have exhibited one common characteristic. They have all involved the repudiation of force as the means by which it is proposed to accomplish necessary and desirable political objects. During the war the propaganda departments of all the governments proclaimed military victory to be the universal solvent. After the armistice the victors acted upon the theory which their spokesmen had preached. They started out to employ the force which had won the war as the instrument of political objects which were impossible of attainment without force. They compelled Germany by the threat of starvation to accept a Treaty of Peace which in so far as executed would involve her annihilation as a nation. They tried to bleed Bolshevism to death and appropriated billions of dollars to support counter-revolutionary armies whose chief effect was to complete the ruin of the innocent Russian people. They encouraged their pro-

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tegés in Central Europe to remain armed to the teeth. They themselves proceeded to spend vastly more money on armies and navies than they had spent before the war.

If this disposition to rely upon force as the one dependable agency of political and social order had succeeded in accomplishing anything good, it doubtless would have lasted indefinitely. But it failed. It accomplished nothing but destruction and suffering. If any recovery has taken place during the past three years, it has taken place not because of the Machtpolitik of the governments but in spite of it. It was not only costly but futile as well. As one demonstration of power politics after another languished or failed, people began to question how far force was worth what it was costing. Here and there the politics of consent was substituted for the politics of force. It succeeded better than its predecessor and the example proved contagious. Gradually these attempts to reach agreements by discussion, information and consent brought with them a new state of mind. The victorious peoples and their rulers had, without knowing it, become less apprehensive, suspicious, self-righteous, impatient and domineering. They began to ask why the operation of their economic and social mechanism persisted in being so utterly unsatisfactory. They discovered the answer to this question when Secretary Hughes submitted to the Washington Conference his plan for the limitation of naval armaments. They suddenly awoke to the futility of the politics of force and began to aspire and hope to substitute for it a more humane, educational and realistic method of accomplishing desirable political and social objects.

Mr. Hughes' proposals of November 11th in our opinion are only the beginning. They are the expression of a new spirit in international affairs; and they have aroused the spirit expressed by them into vigorous self-consciousness. It knows that if it is to survive it must assume the aggressive. It must grow rapidly in self-confidence, in vision and in its power of realistic adjustment. The other naval powers will in the end probably adopt the American plan without essential modifications, but this plan which last week loomed up as an unexpectedly generous measure of limitation will in a few months begin to appear inadequate. The savings in money which it will enable the three naval powers to effect are substantial, but they will not avail very much to mitigate taxation or to permit the beneficial accumulation of capital. If it is safe to cut existing navies almost in half, why is it not safer to cut them by three-quarters or seven-eights? If we can afford to scrap our most powerful battleships, why cannot we afford to scrap their second-rate predecessors? The arguments which are likely to persuade Great Britain, Japan and the United States to feel safe with 500,000 or 300,000 tons of capital ships, should persuade them to abolish capital ships entirely and to depend for their safety on cruisers, destroyers, air planes and submarines. This is an obvious deduction from what has happened which a few months from now millions of people all over the world will draw.

Unless we misinterpret entirely the meaning and energy of the new spirit, a profound and comparatively permanent reaction is by way of setting in against the politics of force in all its manifestations. Armaments are only one expression of power politics. They are associated with defensive alliances, secret diplomacy, strategic frontiers, economic exclusiveness and national egotism. They are associated no less closely with an autocratic organization of the political, economic and social activities of the modern peoples. If armaments are becoming unnecessary it can only be because power politics as a system is losing its availability and authority. We dare to anticipate that this is actually the case. The complicated, delicate and overstrained mechanism of modern life, financial, industrial and moral, will not work without the infusion into its operation by its managers, engineers and crew of a much larger and more active ingredient of conscious formative consent. The promotion of consent from a word into a living political, social and industrial reality is the problem of the future. Success will depend in part upon the ability of the friends of human amelioration to discredit entirely the morals and politics of force, but still more upon their ability to establish in the public mind as the fundamental truth of modern civilization the impossibility of human fulfillment except by believing in and cultivating consent.

Liberals who still cherish the early liberal aspiration to emancipate human nature by a knowledge of the truth will work hereafter in a more favorable environment than they did before and during the war. It has looked until recently as if the morals and politics of force were successful, and as if the political realists were the power politicians. This apparent success of the opposing philosophy confused the minds and weakened the faith of the liberals. But if it be true that the politics of force is by the admission of its friends failing to secure human welfare or even human safety, liberals and liberalism will have a new and a promising opportunity to resurrect and justify their primitive faith. For the first time the friends and beneficiaries of the politics of

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power are repudiating its ways and results. The men who believed in navies and insisted on building them, the men who believed in the politics which demanded navies as its weapons, are now scrapping their own handiwork. Liberals can cooperate directly, patiently, loyally with them in the task of destruction, but they also have another important and more characteristic business to perform. It is for them to insist upon drawing inferences from the limitation of naval armaments which responsible politicians are reluctant to draw. The breakdown and abandonment of naval armaments symbolize the breakdown of a whole system of morals and politics. The attempt to substitute the important region of the Far East as a region of understanding and conference in place of a region of deliberate misunderstanding and violence symbolizes what must be done in other regions of international and domestic politics. Public opinion needs to draw this inference quickly and uncompromisingly. The old mechanism is rapidly running down and unless its breakdown is guarded against, there will be a disastrous smash. It is the immediate business of liberals to start public opinion into consciousness of the dangers of the system of force and of the realities of their own healing alternative.

Germany as a Colony

INEVITABLY, it seems, diplomacy and finance must move by devious and mysterious ways. Let us recall what they openly proclaimed as their object last spring, when they "settled" the indemnity question. They meant to put an end to German argument and evasion. They meant to assure the Allied exchequers certain perfectly definite sums, which might either be used in immediate relief of the tax-payer, or serve as a basis for giving capital value to the vast volume of indemnity bonds to be issued. Therefore Germany was to pay, whatever her internal conditions and external circumstances, a round five hundred million dollars in gold, annually. She was to pay besides a sum equivalent to twenty-five percent on the value of all her exports. No quibbles about ability to pay were permitted. Sign or eat steel was the sufficient answer to every German objection. This was strong man stuff which excited a flame of enthusiasm in the breast of every little strong man in the press offices. "The whole," remarked the Times, "is a vindication of French policy. . . . France has found out the way to deal with an evasive and untrustworthy Germany."

Germany could sign: that had been proved. Could she pay? We have yet to encounter any economist of repute who would have staked his reputation on the assertion that she could. At the time of the settlement the press exploited the fact that a number of economists of note, among them Keynes, were advising the Germans to sign. But on detailed examination their advice proves to have been founded on the opinion: it is better to sign than eat steel. A wise opinion, no doubt, but not one taxing the resources of economic science. Some of the practical financiers were more reckless. M. Seydoux asserted, "There is neither politics nor war bitterness in these ultimatum terms. They are constructive and fulfillable." A certain Count Sforzasel, representing, according to Mr. Charles Grasty, "Italian tolerance for Germany," said that if the Germans refused the terms "it can only mean their unwillingness to pay any reasonable war bill." America's own Mr. Thomas Lamont, who is supposed to have given profound study to the question, while not committing himself too deeply, as of his own opinion, was willing to go so far as to say, "And M. Theunis, the Belgian Finance Minister, whom I have long known as a sound and conservative man of business, pointed out to me . . . that the new minimum requirements were far lower than anything yet proposed and were well within Germany's capacity."

All of which was recognizable for nonsense at the time by anyone who cared to consider it carefully, and is recognized for nonsense now by even those who run and read. Germany could pay twenty-five percent on her exports, to be sure, but as to the five hundred millions over and above that twenty-five percent, she had not the means of paying it, nor could she have them. The only means of paying abroad are foreign credits, and foreign credits can be produced legitimately only by export of goods or by services. As the war had swept away the German merchant marine and had wound up most of her business connections abroad, it was out of the question for Germany to pay in services. Nothing remained but exports, and a country stripped as clean of materials as Germany has been cannot export enough to produce any notable surplus above imports. The plain fact is that since the settlement Germany has not even exported so much as she has imported. Her international credit situation is worse today than it was last spring.

But is not this analysis refuted by the fact that Germany has somehow managed to pay the instalments as they came due, and means to pay the next

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ones? It is not refuted at all. Germany has paid by the expedients of exporting marks and of raising bank loans abroad. On what assets are foreign bankers and speculators counting when they buy German paper? Germany has assets in sight, under the settlement. There is a chance, however, that presently the folly of the settlement will be realized, and a revision effected. That chance is, in effect, the only asset on which the foreign creditors of Germany can count.

Allied handling of the indemnity problem is a tissue of calamitous absurdities unless there lies behind it a much more far-reaching intention—that of reducing Germany to the status of a colony, like India, or the spheres of influence in China. There might be economic sense in such a plan. It raises new problems in colonial policy, and difficult ones. But the Allies command powerful instruments for enforcing their will.

Germany cannot be a colony of exploitation. Her raw materials are too scant. But she could be an industrial colony, manufacturing under Allied direction, selling on Allied account and paying the profits into the Allied coffers. What are the essential conditions required to produce such a status? First, the reduction to imbecility of any German government that might seek to defend the national property interests, or insure a living wage to German labor. Second, the gradual transfer of a controlling interest in German industrial enterprises to Allied hands.

The first of these conditions is by way of fulfillment. The Wirth government is not much more authoritative than a debating club, but it is stronger than any other government that could now be constituted. It takes more time to fulfill the second condition. But is not fulfillment gradually taking place? To make the next payment of the indemnity the German government has to depend on the credit of the German industrials. What assets have the industrials to offer, as a basis for foreign credits? They can hypothecate just one thing: control over themselves. The process is one that can continue, until the object has been attained: reduction of Germany to the colonial status.

To destroy autocracy in Germany, to replace it by a democratic régime regardful of the rights of other nations as well as of German rights was one of our most loudly proclaimed war aims. Was it just a "peace offensive," or did we mean it? And if we meant it, are we content with the substitution of an absentee governed colony and sweat shop?

Whose Voice Is Still for War?

ONE of the most interesting phases of the Conference is the opportunity which it has given to study the new formation of public opinion and the alignment of classes in regard to war. In the last war it is clear that the right wing of the public was militant. Whether the story told by M. Hanotaux of the agreement of the ambassador and two ex-ambassadors to France to convert America to war is literally true or not it is a perfect parable. Messrs. Bacon, Herrick and Sharp and the fifty thousand fellow citizens whom they recognized as being in sympathy with them were typical of the haute bourgeoisie, the big people, who from the first by reason of racial sympathy, of economic affiliation, and as they would insist, of keener ethical response, wanted us in the war. The propaganda to bring us in, naïvely described by Sir Gilbert Parker, which was diffused through colleges, churches, public libraries, clubs, and the Y. M. C. A. was directed to the lesser bourgeoisie, the middle class. It was to this class that Mr. Wilson's "Peace without victory" doctrine was anathema, and his "Too proud to fight" a national stain. The liberal and radical forces in the community, the pacifist intelligentzia and labor, were largely against entering the conflict and were strong enough to reelect Mr. Wilson on the slogan "He kept us out of war." But the majority for peace, small in the autumn of 1916, had disappeared by the following spring. The great middle class had its way. The formula "a war to end war" was found to include most of the pacifists; under terror of the mob and the ermine the radical protest sank to a whisper; and the only voices for peace came from a few conscientious objectors within prison walls.

Today it is clear that the great class which for so many years contemplated with equanimity war by the route of preparedness is earnestly for peace by way of disarmament. They may overestimate the means, but their end is unmistakable. The propaganda which has emphasized this change of heart is directed through the same institutions which acted as sounding boards for the war cry—the colleges, churches, libraries and clubs. Its appeal is in part to emotion, the shrinking from the sheer horror of things which can now be told, and of worse things still which can be prophesied; in part to self-interest in economical government by which even big business and the armament trust, Mr. Gary and Mr. Schwab, are driven in. But behind the propaganda and more powerful, is an instinct, a sure intuition, that another war will

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destroy the economic basis of civilization as it now survives. The sense of imminent catastrophe, to which Mr. Zimmern referred in his recent article on the public mind of Europe, has reached America also. The Conference derives its driving force from an effort to avoid this catastrophe—a desperate and it may be a futile effort, but one whose good faith it is no longer possible to doubt.

Meanwhile, what of the radicals? Surely we find them lending their support to these first feeble attempts of the nations to retrace their steps, to find a solid path out of the morass in which they are so near to sinking together? Not entirely. Radicals opposed in theory to war have come to see in it the most effective means for the destruction of a social system which they hate. Their impatient endurance of the last war was supported by a belief that its close would see the opening of the class war and the revolution. In this belief they were disappointed: revolution petered out everywhere except in Russia, and there it compromised. But as the possibility of revolution waned, the shattering effects of the war on the present economic system became more evident. In place of faith in a revolution which would not come off, came faith in a new imminent international war. And this faith the radicals find it hard to relinquish. The pacifists who went to jail because they would not make an exception in favor of the last war, find it easy to make such exception in advance in favor of the next. While a prophet of the middle class assures us that if the next war were in Central Park he would not attend, the seer of the proletariat searches the horizon as far as Thibet to see the chariots and the horsemen.

Now there are plenty of reasons for believing in the next war. The Treaty of Versailles was drawn as if on purpose to insure it. Shall we patiently await its coming or urge measures to change the Treaty and avert it? A nationalistic and predatory society living in a state of domestic industrial and social warfare will inevitably eventuate in economic imperialism, international rivalry and war. Shall we acquiesce in war as the only means of purging the ills of society, or shall we make the avoiding of war our strongest argument for eliminating these evils in advance? It is the old question between amelioration and revolution, a question that represents a cleavage along lines of temperament rather than of thought. The Conference represents a useful measure of such alignment. On the one hand are those who in the face of the disillusionments of Paris and Moscow, and the deceptions of Wilson, Lloyd George and Lenin, persist in hoping that under pressure from public opinion in every land the world may escape its crowning disaster. On the other are those who have given up hope and whose despair has become a vested interest, who regard the public instinct toward peace but as new evidence of dupery, and see the limited success of the Conference as essential failure. For them the angel of the next war has the only healing in his wings, and their cry is "How long, O Lord, how long!"

Money Talks

Money is just as important as it ever was. Without it nothing can be done for anyone or for any country. Remarks from the lips of men, especially from those who know nothing concerning their subject, amount to comparatively little. Money talks louder and more effectively than anything else.—Speech of Judge Elbert H. Gary before the American Iron and Steel Institute.

THE lips are the lips of Judge Gary. But we cannot suppose that he would take up the time of the busy members of the Iron and Steel Institute with remarks, merely from the lips of a man, which "amount to comparatively little." We must assume that whoever owns the lips, the words and the sense represent something deeper. Though Mr. Gary speaks, it must be money that talks. Let us listen to its message, and see what we are to think of its wisdom.

If money is concerned about anything, it must be concerned about the current depression, and the means of restoring prosperity. Through the lips of Mr. Gary it acknowledges its concern. The delay in recovery, according to money's diagnosis, "is largely due to high costs—high costs of living, high costs of production and transportation and high costs of owning and earning money or its equivalent." The "high cost of owning money"; that is something new in economic formulae. Strange that no human economist ever hit upon it. The moralists have divined it, but that is irrelevant.

As for the high cost of living, money has little to say that has not been said before, quite as authoritatively. There is too much of a spread between wholesale and retail prices. That spread, according to the figures given by Mr. Gary, ranges between 28.6 percent for men's shoes to 100 percent for round steak and beans. The high cost of labor is another important factor in high prices, but Mr. Gary, speaking for himself as well as for money, is not disposed to blame labor too severely.

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"I cannot too strongly state that labor which has been free to act in accordance with its own sense of propriety and justice has been fair and considerate in view of living expenses." Labor "free to act in accordance with its own sense of propriety and justice" is money's jocose way of alluding to non-union labor, which takes the terms fixed by Mr. Gary and his kind or starves. We are informed, credibly, we think, that the Steel Corporation has put common labor down to thirty cents an hour or less. That is certainly "fair and considerate," in view of living costs.

Labor which is "directly under control of leaders not connected with nor interested in the results of the work in question"—i. e. union labor—still fixes rates which are not only "in many instances unreasonable and unjust, but further the skill or energy of effort is not half what it was formerly, so that the rates now paid are actually quadrupled instead of being doubled." It is, of course, impertinent to object that this is preposterously untrue of union labor as a whole. American industry is a wide field, and no doubt Mr. Gary could produce instances of this quadrupling, as he once produced instances of rolling mill hands earning princely salaries, or more correctly, one instance, involving one man. It is also impertinent to remind Mr. Gary that the Committee on Waste of the Federated American Engineering Societies reached the conclusion that in every industry studied, the wastes for which the management was responsible were much greater than those for which labor was responsible. In printing, where labor is most firmly wedded to uneconomic practices, the waste for which labor is responsible is, after all, only 28 percent, as compared with 63 percent for management. In the metal trades labor's sins are to those of management as 9 to 81. But we need not press this point, nor marvel why Mr. Gary did not include incompetent management among the obstacles to economic recovery. He was speaking for money, not for knowledge.

But the cost that more than any other stands in the way of a return to prosperity, according to Mr. Gary and what he stands for, is "the high cost to the holder or earner of money or property." That cost is, of course, taxes. "Both industry and individuals have suffered almost to the point of despair. . . . Any politician or political party standing for present tax rates . . . will not continue in authority, but will go down to defeat at the first election." There money speaks, and prophesies.

What is the ideal of taxation toward which Mr. Gary is yearning? One in which "to the fullest extent possible, incomes and earnings are left in the hands of those who first receive them." As for the money that must be raised somehow, let it come from a sales tax. "Undoubtedly the fairest way to raise money for the government is by a sales tax which requires everyone to contribute in accordance with pecuniary ability to pay. This is equal treatment of all the people and therefore is just." It is just, in Mr. Gary's opinion, that from the thirty cents an hour which he pays his sweated labor, the government should take exactly the same percentage as from the magnificent income Mr. Gary sweats out of the labor. It is just, also in Mr. Gary's opinion, that a larger proportion should be taken from the thirty cents, as would necessarily be the case under the sales tax.

For it is a safe bet that the thirty-cents-an-hour man spends all, or nearly all of it on the necessities of life; it is an equally safe bet that Mr. Gary spends a great part of his income in buying more power, and this expenditure the sales tax would not reach. Buying more power? Yes, that is exactly what Mr. Gary and his kind do when they invest their surplus above the liberal personal expenditures they consider necessary. The buying of power is sadly interfered with by the income tax; it would enjoy the privileges of freedom from taxation under the sales tax. What wonder is it if the voice of money is heard pleading for the substitution of the sales tax for the income tax?

Mr. Gary has attained a distinguished position in trust finance and we have no doubt that he attained it by the exercise of a high order of abilities. We can hardly believe that if he were speaking for himself he would consent to appear so absurd. But it is money that talks through his lips. It talks not to economists and journalists, nor to the mass of ordinary citizens who bulk small in a pecuniary sense, but to money, as represented by bankers' associations, associated industries, chambers of commerce. In such circles Mr. Gary's words fall like new coined gold, of unquestionable currency. That anyone should regard them as counterfeit pieces, not even well executed, excites horror and indignation in the breasts of these admirers of the voice they hear through Mr. Gary's lips. Yet the pieces are obviously counterfeit. The vast majority of American adults know they are. And the fewer the attempts to give them currency, the longer it will be possible to postpone the day when the American people will say, quite brutally, "Money has talked enough."

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Birth Control and Taboo

IT is unfortunate for the dignity and honor of the Roman Catholic Church that Archbishop Hayes' protest against birth control should have come a week too late. There seems to be no doubt that the Catholic diocesan organization in New York worked through the police for the breaking up of the first Birth Control Conference in New York. Such an attempt to fight under cover takes away from the Archbishop's direct appeal to public opinion.

If Mrs. Sanger had not been so courageous a woman, or if her magistrate had not been upright, the unconstitutional action of the police in removing her from the platform might have served its purpose in depriving the birth control advocates of free speech. That, one must infer, was the object of the intrigue by which the Church used the police as its puppets. It is an instance of indirect action which was luckily exposed to a wide public, and Archbishop Hayes' formal protest must be taken more as an attempt to correct the bad impression that the exposure has made than as a candid appeal to public opinion.

But we are glad, all things considered, that the hand of the Catholic Church should have been forced in this matter, and that opposition to birth control should now be voiced by one of its dignitaries. The fact that the opposition is directed against "the use of the open forum" makes it all the more appropriate. Birth control is obnoxious to men and women of obscurantist mind, and the clearer this is made the better. The attempted denial of the open forum to birth control shows the fundamental weakness of the opposition. There would be no divorce laws in the United States, if this same opposition could have its way; and if divorce were made illegal in line with what is termed "natural law," the main subsequent effort would be to prohibit or suppress discussion.

To insist on "natural law" where there is no natural law is the first necessity of a doctrinaire institution. The best weapon that America possesses against such arbitrary enunciations is the weapon that Mrs. Sanger wields, the weapon of the open forum. To deprive her of that weapon would be to reinforce the unfortunate delusion that birth control can be boycotted as a part of decent human conduct and that its practice, if indulged, must be surrounded by shame and hypocrisy.

Archbishop Hayes not unnaturally believes that the suppression of birth control advocacy is an easy matter, since "the law of God and man, science, public policy, human experience are all condemnatory of birth control as preached by a few irresponsible individuals without endorsement or approval." But this is a false notion that "a few irresponsible individuals," easily clapped in jail, alone advocate birth control. Mrs. Rublee's able and temperate reply to Archbishop Hayes makes good use of the honest and illuminating utterances of Lord Dawson and Sir William Arbuthnot Lane. These Englishmen, speaking a few weeks ago before a public congress, did not hesitate to express their conviction that "sex love has, apart from parenthood, a purport of its own." They did not hesitate to assert "that people need more knowledge of the scientific bearings of sex relations and more clearly defined guidance of their rightful purport and practice." They were eager and willing to break the silence which more than anything else favors obscurantism.

Though the spokesman of a million "indignant women and distressed mothers," it appears that Archbishop Hayes is himself one of the unenlightened. He confesses that the report of the Voluntary Parenthood meeting in October disclosed to him "illegal information" that he never had before. His desire to censor such information is natural, but does it not arise from a failure to comprehend a point of view not his own, but not at all less decent and sincere? Setting Archbishop Hayes' opposition against the advocacy of Mrs. Sanger and her associates, at any rate, the outlook for the birth control movement is brighter than it ever was. He is not tackling a "few irresponsible individuals," but a people who, in the end, will accept birth control in principle as they have long since accepted divorce.

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Hope, History and H. G. Wells

THERE was a dinner given in New York recently, at which for the first time in many years men of all shades of radicalism and conservatism assembled at the same table and talked over controversial questions without any apparent disposition towards ill-tempered recrimination. The guest of honor on this occasion was Mr. H. G. Wells, who had recently arrived to report the Washington Conference for the New York World. The host was Mr. Ralph Pulitzer, the publisher and one of the editors of the World. The guests included at one extreme Mr. Max Eastman, who called himself a communist, and at the other Mr. Elbert Gary, who might plausibly claim to represent the extreme opposite of communism. Scattered in between them were lawyers, governors, ex-cabinet officers, generals, bankers, publishers, novelists, critics, journalists and parlor Bolsheviks. There were more journalists than men of any other occupation. The host was an able, successful and liberal journalist, and the guest of honor, however the future may rate him as a prophet, a novelist, a philosopher, or a historian, is unquestionably the greatest journalist of an epoch when journalism is becoming the great common medium of expression, not only for news and for fugitive opinion, but for fiction, philosophy, science and religion. Its only rival is the moving picture, which has the advantage of outdoing the journals in being journalistic.

The novel and happy aspect of the dinner consisted in the impeccable social respectability of many of the gentlemen who assembled to praise and honor a man like Mr. Wells. Their guest is, it must be remembered, a socialist. A year or two ago the spectacle of the church in the person of a bishop, the state in the person of a governor, finance in the person of eminent bankers, politics in the person of ex-secretaries of government departments, the army in the person of a major general, and industry in the person of the chief of the largest American corporation, all celebrating by brave words and convivial deeds the leading parlor Bolshevik of a perverse generation, would have seemed frankly incredible. The parlor Bolshevik not so long ago was considered to be at best an amiable defective and at worst a furtive but malevolent enemy of social and moral order. The very best Americans disdained to grant to his utterances admission to the universe of decent and even tolerable discourse. The censors of American patriotism disqualified him in advance as a criminal heretic, and they had pronounced this condemnation either with the approval of prevailing public opinion or at least without any noticeable protest. To judge by the utterances of the speakers at the dinner to Mr. Wells this particular form of proscription has now come to an end. For while the churchmen, the statesmen and the business men who saluted Mr. Pulitzer's guest carefully and properly discriminated between his opinions and their own, they all starred his writings as entitled to favorable consideration and they all cautiously approved of him as an intellectual and social influence.

Perhaps some of my readers may question the characterization of Mr. Wells as a shining parlor Bolshevik. But if they have really studied the species, they will, I am sure, detect the lamb even under the skin of the lion. Mr. Wells, owing to his unfamiliarity with American terms of reproach and esteem, may not know he is a parlor Bolshevik; but he is a perfect as well as an eminent example of the species. A plain Bolshevik is theoretically a person who condemns the existing order as a hopelessly vicious institution which is sanctioned exclusively by force. A parlor Bolshevik differs from a plain Bolshevik in many respects but chiefly in his conviction of the impotence of violence as an agency of radical social amelioration. As he sees it, the altered society of the future, if it is really to improve upon the society of today, must not only seek an ultimate sanction of consent but must come into existence by virtue of consenting. The epithet "parlor" which was invented as a term of contempt and was fastened on peaceable radicals by the friends of force, should do them credit in these days of official pacifism. It means that, as a type, the parlor Bolshevik is house-broken without necessarily being emasculated and radical without being offensive. It may even mean that he is thoroughgoing in thought without being non-cooperative in action.

Consider in connection with the characterization of H. G. Wells as a parlor Bolshevik the following description of him which Mr. Philip Gibbs has written on page 59 of his last book: More That Must Be Told. "In many ways," Mr. Gibbs says, "Mr. Wells must take his place among the idealists who are trying to scheme out a new social structure, because he is more valuable than any of them, most audacious in his far-reaching plans, most def-

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inite, precise and practical in his program and not so 'wild' in his methods of argument as those who would tear down the existing structure regardless of human tragedy before attempting to build upon the ruins. . . . By this method he is able to avoid the charge of being a revolutionary; his articles are printed in newspapers supported by the defenders and producers of capital and he is invited out to dinner with moderately respectable people, including British generals, to whose headquarters he went during the war with a special pass from G. H. Q." Mr. Gibbs' account of Mr. Wells agrees in every respect, you will observe, with mine. The chief difference between Mr. Wells and the majority of parlor Bolsheviks is that he succeeds in capturing the attention of the conservatives while they usually fail.

In the brief speech which he uttered on the happy occasion of his entertainment by Mr. Pulitzer he insidiously captured the attention of his hearers by provoking on their part general and emphatic dissent. He appeared on this occasion as the candid friend of modern society, the reporter of disagreeable but salutary truth. Western civilization, he said and has since repeated in the New York World, is going to smash. It is going to smash not because its enemies are dangerously attacking it, but because it is losing control of its own irresistible and dominant activities. The advances in natural science and technology have bestowed on the recognized organs of finance, industry and politics a prodigious increase of power over human life. These special centres of power are unruly and unenlightened. Finance and industry are serving the needs only of a minority of the people who compose society. Millions of loyal and innocent citizens of modern states are suffering and starving all over the civilized world, and their rulers confess themselves impotent to relieve the suffering and the privation. The existing national governments do not dispose of sufficient moral and physical resources to subordinate or mould modern finance and industry to any sufficient measure of human fulfillment. In fact they are themselves the victims of an exclusive nationalism which intensifies the very malady which, as the instruments of human welfare, they ought to ameliorate.

Such was Mr. Wells' message to his American friends on the eve of the Conference: and the succeeding speakers with one exception all returned the same answer to it. They did not either question or discuss the gloomy diagnosis which gave superficial plausibility to Mr. Wells' indictment of the existing organization and conduct of society. They did not analyze the failure and demonstrate or try to demonstrate its superficial and fugitive nature. Yet they proclaimed unequivocally and imperturbably their conviction that he was wrong. An American, they declared, could not accept such a depressing interpretation of the prospects of the world. America was young and buoyant. It had the élan of youth. However checkered the prospect might look to Europeans who were the product and victims of too long a past, an American was bound to affirm the pre-established harmony between goodness and happiness in this best of all possible worlds. He was the spokesman and prophet of an effulgent future. As one speaker phrased it, if there was any incompatibility between history and hope, he was against history and for hope.

In testifying so unanimously and unequivocally in favor of hope rather than history our American friends were, of course, giving expression to the optimism which is deeply rooted in the American tradition, but their testimony on this occasion was not very much to the point. In fact it was, as applied to Mr. Wells' indictment and complaint, entirely irrelevant. H. G. Wells is ultimately as much of an optimist as is the most American of Americans. He believes in human perfectibility. He has affirmed again and again the power of the human will, imagination and intelligence to bring about something which approaches the fulfillment of human nature. More perhaps than any living writer he has inspired the youth of the present generation with a passion for the attainment of higher qualitative standards of individual and social life. He was not tempting his hearers to abandon hope. He was only asking them to look around and to consider anxiously and attentively what the existing obstacles are to the making of this better future. In his opinion these obstacles are dangerously formidable. He is afraid that certain agencies such as science, technology, finance, industry and the state which have helped in the past to release human energy and to make for a larger measure of human fulfillment have got out of hand and are in danger of setting civilization indefinitely back. He may be right or he may be wrong, but a sceptic does not answer him by testifying to the incorrigible optimism of the young American spirit. Such an opponent would merely provoke Mr. Wells to wonder whether conventional America is not too much obsessed by class and personal prosperity to fasten its attention upon the disagreeable realities of other people's lives.

The issue between Mr. Wells and his American critics is not definable as an issue between old age and youth, between pessimism and optimism or between history and hope. Mr. Wells is not the spokesman of a sour, disintegrated and hopeless Europeanism as opposed to a sanguine, confident

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and triumphant Americanism. He is merely trying to arouse Americans as well as Europeans to what he believes to be a serious flaw in the mechanism and the morals of modern industrial civilization. It has in his opinion placed the technical results of natural science at the service of certain centres of economic and political power which no longer serve essential human needs yet which create for their protection in contemporary public opinion authoritative intellectual moral obsessions. He attributes the tragedy of the war and the calamities of the subsequent peace to the increasing malignancy of this flaw and the increasing helplessness of organized society in dealing with it. Yet serious and dangerous as the flaw is, it is essentially remediable. There is just one way to render it irremediable, and that is to ignore its existence and to march blithely ahead as if modern industrialism would automatically cure itself. That, of course, is precisely what the apostles of hope rather than history do. On the occasion of the dinner in honor of Mr. Wells, they illustrated his diagnosis of the malady of modern industrialism instead of controverting it.

We Americans are, of course, particularly prone to an optimistic fatalism which shies instinctively and enthusiastically away from the contemplation of disagreeable realities. We talk less about Manifest Destiny than we did a generation ago. Probably we do not believe in it as much. But we have not substituted for it a sufficiently conscious and experienced faith. The optimism of this traditional Americanism stands for something sound. If the good life is to prevail in this world, we must believe both that it is worth while and that it has a chance.

But our traditional fatalism is disastrous. During the pioneer period when the United States was a rough and ready economic fairyland, it did not do much harm. But in so far as the fairyland has disappeared and the American nation is exposed to the evils of congested modern industrialism, it is an unmitigated loss. It dulls the sensibilities of those who accept it. It stupefies their consciences. It inhibits their intelligences from exploring the world as it is and from tracing and sounding its sources of corruption. It disqualifies their imaginations from understanding the possibilities of human nature and from concentrating on symbolic visions of its regeneration. What they need is less hope and more faith. "Hope," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "is a kind old pagan, but faith grew up in Christian days and early learnt humility"—the humility of knowledge which is sure of itself but aware of its limitations.

HERBERT CROLY.

A New Technique of Peace

DURING the later months of the World War, when the sand was running fast in Germany's hour-glass, the late Herr Erzberger made a remarkable proposal to a Dutch interviewer. It was a plan for securing perpetual peace between Great Britain and Germany. Its outlines had at least the merit of simplicity. The closely linked shipping concerns of the two countries were each to buy and to hold one-third of the other's stock. Kant had reasoned, Saint Pierre had schemed for perpetual peace, but here was a key that had eluded all the preachers and the dreamers. We were to crown ourselves with olives of endless age, by the simple expedient of exchanging shipping shares. I remember very well my own meeting with the unlucky Erzberger some months later. The chubby, delusively child-like personality, with the broad, homely South German accent, concealed an astonishing shrewdness, a power of combination, an unscrupulous mendacity compatible somehow with a certain incalculable idealism, which gave me cause to say to myself—"a Lloyd George without the charm."

There was one thing which Erzberger understood, from intimate experience, better perhaps than any other man in Europe—the interaction of finance upon politics. His notion reads like a satire on modern life, and its naïve realism set me thinking. I think he was substantially right. If two powers, whom rivalry for trade, for expansion, for economic power, had forced, first into competitive naval building, and then into war, were to take shares in each other's prosperity, would they not become partners in greatness? Each would realize that any addition to the other's trade and even to the other's territory, was in some measure an increase in its own wealth. Germany would have a stake in the British Empire, and we a share in the gains of German efficiency. For this purpose two enterprises might have served, either shipping as he proposed, or banking. Each, for powers that live by world trade, is a sure index of the general prosperity.

Here then, crudely sketched, in a moment of hot

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conflict, was a capitalistic technique of peace. It was not altogether new. The banker Rouvier and M. Caillaux were on the same tack in the early phases of the Moroccan conflict, when they suggested the free quotation of German stocks on the Paris Bourse, and a mutual financial penetration, as the way to end the Franco-German feud. Mr. Knox's plan for the neutralization of the Manchurian railway sprang from the same root. Pursue it a little further, and one arrives at the conception of a capitalist international as the ultimate logic of peace in the present stage of our social development.

"Always it struggles and competes," said Lenin not very long ago, in the course of a prediction that capitalist society will destroy itself by war. But does it? Competition is the early stage. Amalgamation is the end. Is there any reason why the process of forming trusts, mergers and cartels should stop short at frontiers? Experience teaches us that there is no insuperable obstacle to it. Every student knows that in dynamite, electrical apparatus, steel rails and some less important things, world-wide combinations, though of a loose type, existed before the war. Imagine a further extension on those lines until oil, coal, steel and shipping were included, and eventually a world-wide banking trust followed in their wake. It is not an inconceivable nightmare. It would be the subtlest and most terrible tyranny that the world has known. It would make of nationality a curious study for the historians and cause modern men to think of liberty as they think of grace and other obsolete theological concepts. College presidents and after-dinner speakers might perorate about sovereignty, but the thing would be dead. None the less, this capitalist international might abolish war.

It is conceivable that the Washington Conference, if it does anything at all, may take a long step on this road. M. Briand has doubtless other baggage on board the Lafayette. Mr. Balfour is the personality whom we choose as our spokesman when we intend to say "No" to any far-ranging schemes, decisively, persuasively and politely. He and Mr. Lloyd George are the negative and positive poles of our political apparatus. But none the less, the logic of events, if not American policy, will force the Conference to march up to the wicket of syndication, when it looks at the open door of China. There are, it seems to me, three conceivable policies, when the Conference faces the root fact of the Pacific problem, which is, I take it, the penetration of China by foreign capital. It might forbid the process, which of course would be a belated and impossible course. It might partition China. It might arrange for syndication. There is no fourth way.

Partition is flatly impossible. It nearly happened towards the close of the last century. It is inconceivable today, for the simple reason that after the World War American capital is so immeasurably stronger than its rivals. It is visibly concentrating on China. I beg the susceptible reader to excuse me, if I take little account of the moral imponderabilia, as Bismarck used to call them. You can work out the geometry of triangles without considering their color. You can discuss economic policy, without recalling that bankers have morals. It is surprising, when once you begin, how seldom the omission will force itself on your attention. The plain reason, then, why American capital would not listen to a proposal to partition China into spheres of influence is that it feels itself strong enough to penetrate everywhere. To it nothing Chinese is alien.

The "open door" is an effective slogan. But is it a possibility, given the modern technique of financial penetration? A railway company usually or always has a bank behind it. That bank, when it has begun to direct its attention to a given province, inevitably interests itself in the potentialities of coal and iron. Indeed, the prospects of the line depend upon them. When once the transport and the coal supply are in the hands of a single financial group, a virtual monopoly exists de facto. It is not necessary, when this stage is reached, for diplomacy to earmark that province as a sphere of influence. It will be an American, British, or Japanese sphere, according to the nationality of the financial group which has done the pioneer work and built the railway. So long as these national financial groups remain distinct, the competition to earmark these de facto spheres will go on. Nor can it, in the existing condition of China, be kept clear of politics. The group must deal with one or other of the Chinese governments or factions. It must have behind it the diplomacy of its own country, and diplomacy is apt to measure its power in dreadnoughts.

So one gets, as a typical case, the situation which has arisen in the southern province of Kwantung. A British and an American syndicate are competing for the monopoly of all the larger opportunities in that region. The British Cassel syndicate dealt with the northern faction. The American Shank syndicate dealt with the southern administration. I share American indignation against the terms of the detestable Cassel contract, but it would be more impressive if it were directed as sharply against the no less predatory Shank deal. The British bid for monopoly has been exposed and criticized

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by the London Nation, the Manchester Guardian and the Daily Herald. Our action would be easier, if we knew that American progressives were equally outspoken about the Shank concession.* Plainly, if this kind of thing goes on, we shall soon be struggling for influence and monopoly in China, exactly as we should do if we were following the cruder ambition for territory. The tide of naval building will ebb and flow with this competition. But how are we to avoid it? A railway is a natural monopoly, and it is equally natural, and obviously economical, that mines, railways and banks should work in close alliance.

There is just one way of escape, and that is to bring about the syndication of the various competing national groups in China. The best solution would obviously be the creation of a unified Chinese railway system. It would be financed by an international corporation, with American, British, Japanese and presumably also Franco-Belgian directors. While China should have the political control and the police in her hands, the foreign financial corporation would obviously have to supply the technical management and the auditors for many a year to come. That general idea is capable of many variations. It may be difficult to include existing railways. Manchuria may be gone beyond recall. The indispensable minimum is that all new railway building should come automatically under this scheme. In other words, each of the powers must pledge itself not to support demands for new concessions for any of its citizens, and all of them must support the creation of an international corporation. That is, one gathers, the policy of the Consortium, but in view of the history of the Cassel and Shank concessions, it certainly is not a policy which the individual banks adhering to the Consortium are honestly following. Nor shall we be safe from future wrangling and the creation of de facto national spheres of interest in China, unless coal-mining is internationalized in a similar way.

In this arrangement lies, I believe, the way to peaceful cooperation in China between America and the British Empire. But it would hardly satisfy Japan. Her case cannot be met by mere opposition, and it would be absurd to reason as though her stake in China were similar in kind to ours. Her problem of population is urgent and alarming as ours is not—though the time may be approaching when we in England will feel the pinch with a sudden shudder of alarm. China cannot be colonized. Even in Manchuria and Siberia, Japanese colonization is successful, if at all, only within narrow limits. It is obvious that Japan must solve her problem of population much as England and Germany solved theirs in the last century. She must become the workshop of the Far East, and buy her food with exported manufactures. Unluckily for this parallel, it breaks down in one vital particular: Japan lacks the coal and iron on which an industrial people must base its activity. That is the economic justification for the ambitions of Japan in China. She seeks coal and iron there, and her first instinct is to obtain them by political pressure, which enables her to secure concessions and spheres of influence. Would her needs be satisfied if she were to be offered a share in an international railway and coal syndicate corresponding to her available capital? Scarcely. What she wants is not merely the profits from the operation of coal and iron mines in China; she wants to be sure that a given quantity, expanding rapidly as the years go on, of coal and iron, shall find its way from China to her own ports and furnaces.

That leads, it seems to me, directly to the proposal which progressive thought in England, and indeed in Europe generally, has urged upon the League of Nations—that the world's chief raw materials should be controlled and rationed by an international authority. The League does not figure in the Far Eastern scene. But can we get a specific, international authority, which will ration the exportable coal and iron of China, and provide, after China's own growing needs have been satisfied, for the urgent and increasing needs of Japan? How far we have all of us, or any of us, the enlightenment for such a solution, I do not know. But of this I feel sure. Unless in some such way as this we can insure that there shall be work, wages and rice for the millions who are living in Japan on a bare margin of subsistence and for the other millions yet to be born, no amount of pacifist sentiment, no preaching of goodwill, however sincere, will avail to stop Japan's career of conquest and avert the threatening war. Those warships are being built, not merely for vain-glory, but for the concrete end of getting coal and iron. It lies with the Washington Conference to guarantee that the coal and iron shall be obtainable without the pressure of warships. A rationing board, on the model of the Allied war-time council, would suffice to satisfy the reasonable needs of Japan.

I am trying to sketch what is frankly a capita

*The admonition to American progressives to look to the conduct of our own economic imperialists, is timely. But as to the question of the Cassel and the Shank contracts, we quote from a letter by John Dewey, published in our issue of November 2nd. "Hong Kong government interests stood back of the [Cassel] contract and its propriety has been officially affirmed in the British Parliament by an under-secretary of state. The American government promptly gave notice in Canton that it would not support or further the Shank company . . . and gave similar advice to prospective American investors at home." [The EDITORS.]

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istic technique of peace. This, or something like it, is the course which our present civilization will follow, if it has the wisdom to falsify the prophecies of socialist critics of our civilization, who believe that its predatory nationalism dooms it infallibly to ruin from the scourge of recurrent wars. I am not so much advocating a particular solution, as attempting to read and to rationalize tendencies already at work. The dangers of such an international amalgamation of capital are as evident as the advantages. The gain is clear. It would mean peace, it would stop partition and the scramble for spheres and concessions. It would render heavy armaments superfluous in the Far East. On the other hand it would confront the Chinese nation with an organized money power, indifferent to the scruples and criticisms of Chinese opinion, which would overshadow her whole life for a generation to come. It would dominate Chinese politics. It would dictate and shape her future. It would influence her colleges, her missions, her press in the direction of a capitalistic development. Subtly or crudely, politely or roughly, it would intervene perpetually, and it would treat all Chinese progressives, if the faintest tinge of radical thought were discernible in their programs, as enemies to be crushed. As to that let there be no illusions. None the less, if I were a Chinese patriot, I should prefer this solution to the alternative. I would rather have the foreign money concentrated in this way than diffused. I would rather that it bound me for a time and led me whither I would not go, than that it fought upon my prostrate body, and carved me into morsels.

I will venture, however, to suggest devices by which the patent evils from the Chinese standpoint, of this capitalistic technique of peace might be limited. First, no arrangement of this kind should be prolonged indefinitely. It should be terminable after twenty or thirty years, or subject at least to periodic revision. Secondly, there should be a provision for the gradual redemption of the stock of the international corporation by Chinese purchasers, either the state itself, or private native banks. Thirdly, there ought to be interposed between the corporation and the Chinese Republic, some board of arbitration composed of neutrals, both in the political and financial sense, who would impose some check upon ruthless exploitation and reckless interference. The interests of the non-Chinese world, our peace, the very survival of our civilization point to this solution of syndication. But it may mean strangulation for China herself. To check that is the problem for American and Bri progressives.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Dante and Dostoyevsky

THE distance which we have travelled with respect to ethics in the last five or six hundred years may perhaps be measured by contrasting Dante with Dostoyevsky. The coincidence of the sixth centenary of Dante's death with the first centenary of Dostoyevsky's birth piques one to the task. It must not be assumed that the worlds inhabited by the two men have no elements in common. In his professed ethical and religious views the Russian was essentially a contemporary of the Italian. This is established beyond question by a scrutiny of Dostoyevsky's oeuvre, especially of his forensic writings and other direct utterances. The world-view of both was grounded upon morality sanctioned by religion. Both viewed life as a "passion," in the Christian sense, and both looked to love for the transubstantiation of man and society. And the Ghibelline's advocacy of a universal Rome-governed monarchy is paralleled by the Slavophil's proud messianic dream of an Orthodox and autocratic Moscow (or perhaps Constantinople) ruling the earth. And yet the spirit of Dostoyevsky's art is at the farthest remove from Dante, and by the same token lies nearest to the spirit of these times.

The world of the great Mediterranean poet is an ordered one, cribbed, cabined and confined. Its Hellenic serenity is complicated, not effaced by a troubled spirituality. Its heavenly and earthly hierarchy is divinely appointed for all time. Dante's morality is authoritarian and negative. The ethical categories are rigidly defined, the lines drawn hard and fast. Good is good, and sin is sin, and never the twain shall meet. Upon the gates of his hell he wrote: "Giustizia mosse il mio alto fattore," but it is a vindictive, retributive justice. His purgatory has well been called a house of correction. And his paradise is a paradise for the doctrinaires. Man is a pilgrim, here on earth and beyond, but the road has been mapped out for him by sacred ordinances. In an immutable rhythm flesh moves toward spirit.

In Dostoyevsky's large novels, from Crime and Punishment to The Brothers Karamazov, the curtain rises upon a world which relinquishes its peace together with its Lord. There is no acquiescence in this relinquishment. Man is pictured either as wrestling with a dubious God, like Jacob, in the desert of his despair, groping doggedly toward incredible Light, or stumbling in outer darkness toward his bitter end. There is rebellion in the air, a refusal to accept reality in its measureless malfeasance.

Dante's rigid world is peopled with rigid, com-

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pletely integrated personalities. Dostoyevsky's chaos finds its expression in the disintegration of his characters. To judge by a passage in the Purgatorio, Dante opposed Plato's doctrine to the effect that a man houses several souls. Certain of Dostoyevsky's heroes are monomaniacs, crushed by some one thought, and writhing under it pathetically. Yet the typical figure of these novels acts like an ἀνὴρ δίψυχος, a two-souled man. He is capable of the noblest as well as the meanest behavior. Such is, for instance, the enigmatic Stavrogin in The Possessed. The duality of personality is vividly exemplified in Prince Myshkin in The Idiot, who loves at the same time a maenad and a vestal, and has what he calls "double thoughts." Dostoyevsky's Russian is best described as a lover in these lines of Catullus':

> Odi et amo: quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.
> Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

Dmitry Karamazov speaks in his customary quaint idiom of people who carry in their hearts "the ideal of the Madonna" together with "the Sodomite ideal." And the protagonist of A Raw Youth says: ". . . a thousand times I marvelled at this ability of man (and, it seems to me, of the Russian especially) to cherish in his heart the highest ideal together with the greatest baseness." This breadth of human nature, this ability to encompass two extremes, Dostoyevsky himself believed to be a Russian peculiarity. The late Alexander Blok, in a sense the disciple of the novelist, expressed in his poem, Russia, this characteristic of the Russian national psyche, taking it on its realistic plane:

> To sin, unshamed, to lose, unthinking
> The count of careless nights and days,
> And then, while the head aches with drinking,
> Steal to God's house, with eyes that glaze;
>
> Thrice to bow down to earth, and seven
> Times cross oneself beside the door,
> With the hot brow, in hope of heaven,
> Touching the spittle-covered floor . . .

It is possible to mistake this shapelessness and lack of ethical exactitude in Dostoyevesky's characters for sheer a-moralism, intellectually and emotionally. It is possible to imagine that here we move in the waste and the void, where the waters are not divided from the waters. Upon this illusion is built a recent attempt by a brilliant German critic to show that The Brothers Karamazov symbolizes and portends the end of western culture. Hermann Hesse sees the conquest of the European by the Asian, of an ethically disciplined and ordered human by a confused, hysterical, unbridled creature. Half Europe, he believes, is on the way to chaos, moving in sacred madness toward the edge of the precipice, and lifting its voice in the drunken psalmody of Dmitry Karamazov. The green blade is no more surely a sign of life, the sere leaf a portent of inevitable decay, than is The Brothers Karamazov the indication of the West's mortal disease.

The eschatological humor, which may be purely symptomatic, seems to be quite common in Germany today. The originality of Hesse's conception is in combining the idea of the end of western culture with the theme of the "Russian danger" redevivus, this time on a psychological rather than on a political plane. The creatures of Dostoyevsky's imagination are clearly enough people of an unstable psychic organization. They are incompletely tamed by civilization, incompletely individualized. They are restless and comparatively unattached, living, figuratively speaking, in tents rather than in houses. Yet, on the whole, Hesse's judgment is erroneous. Dostoyevsky's world is certainly not beyond good and evil. On the contrary, it lives and moves and has its being in the ethical dimension of existence. These novels are hot with the deep intensity of the moral conflicts which engage the characters.

To be sure, there is revolt. It is as though the human herd, finding the wells of traditional morality poisoned, were compelled to seek out unknown pastures. The old fences, strangely frail, are swept away, and the wilderness is upon it. Man finds an unaccustomed and terrible freedom. He abhors the moral vacuum, and the novels are a testimony to his passionate effort to fill it with ethical absolutes. Dostoyevsky's heroes invariably go back to the metaphysical groundwork of behavior. Intent upon ultimate values, they naturally scorn and disregard the conventional network of an organized society. This might well be illustrated by their attitude toward the state. In The Brothers Karamazov, for example, the state is represented as a cruel and clumsy Leviathan, which is to be transcended by the church as the living embodiment of a religiously transmuted communal life. No longer recognizing the established code, these people look into their own souls for guidance. They listen to the long-suppressed cries of the ancient beast, and they trust to their own reason.

Unlike Dante, Dostoyevsky had little faith in the Mantuan. Reason was to him, as it was to Luther, a harlot. Nor did he approve of the moral heterodoxy of his characters. These are often no more than a theorematic invention intended as a reductio ad absurdum of impious Nihilism. He portrays the Enemy, however, with such passionate concern that the reader is easily misled as to where the author's sympathies lie.

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We of this modern world value the creations of an artist who builded better than he knew. We may reject the mediaeval quality of Dostoyevsky's personal opinions. We must accept the curiously contemporary characters that people his novels. Their uneasiness is ours. We move with them through the obscurities of a moral grisaille. In their complexities and unreconciled contradictions we recognize a deeper truth about the self than fiction has hitherto expressed.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY.

The Trend of the Conference

IT is dangerous to predict the actions of a volcano in eruption; and equally unwise to attempt generalizations about a conference which is still in full career. Nevertheless what might be called the first phase of the Washington Conference, beginning with Mr. Hughes' dramatic announcement of the American plan for reduction of navies, and ending with China's declaration of principles, resulted in some definite achievements which can be discussed as accomplished fact.

Even before the dramatic scene of Tuesday, November 15th, when in an open session of the Conference, reminiscent of a New England town meeting, Great Britain and Japan pledged adherence to the American suggestion "in principle," it was certain that modifications of it would be only slight. Great Britain at once suggested that the submarine tonnage fixed—90,000 tons for herself and the United States—was too high. The suggestion was also informally made that if shipyards stood idle during a ten years' naval holiday it would be impossible to reassemble skilled workers, and that each nation might perhaps retain enough equipment in continuous operation to build one ship at a time. Placed against a program for scrapping 1,878,043 tons, prohibiting replacements for ten years, and thereafter limiting the three chief powers to 500,000, 500,000 and 300,000 tons for all time, such reservations seem insignificant.

Limitation of armament may therefore be regarded as a fait accompli. It is important to remember that this action means merely a taxpayers' holiday, and not even a very big one at that. As against the peak of expense in prospect under our 1916 program, there is a saving of $600,000,000 a year, or about sixteen percent of our present national budget. Compared to current expenditures, the saving is much less.

But even this saving, desirable as it is, does not by a hair's breadth lessen the likelihood of the recurrence of war; nor is the Conference attempting any drastic limitation of the military weapons of greatest potential effectiveness. Though the subject is still bitterly controversial, expert opinion is moving toward the view that the warfare of the future will be conducted chiefly by the aeroplane on land, by the seaplane and the submarine at sea. The American program of limitation would leave Great Britain more submarines than she possessed at the close of the European War; and the subject of limitation of naval aircraft is not even considered—owing, as Mr. Hughes explained, to the ease with which commercial aircraft can be converted to military use.

Those interested in what the Conference can do toward making future wars unlikely or impossible, must therefore centre their attention upon the other, more complicated and far more difficult half of the agenda—the attempt to solve Pacific and Far Eastern questions. Whatever work is done toward permanent peace must be under that head.

Mr. Hughes' masterful use of the method of open diplomacy in presenting the American program on reduction of navies, raised high hopes that he would follow the same method in promulgating American ideas about the Far East. Such a course would have been useful in helping to crystallize public opinion in the United States, at present nebulous and uncertain, in support of a plan sure to meet strong opposition from Japan and milder but emphatic objection from Great Britain.

It was not to be. Mr. Hughes at once made clear that open diplomacy was but one of several weapons in his arsenal. Any statement of what ought to be in Asia must contain aspersions, implied or direct, against the national morality of several of the conferring countries. Mr. Hughes and his colleagues preferred to do their insulting in private, and so it fell to China's lot to make a statement of general principles with nearly all of which the American delegation was in hearty agreement.

The Chinese document sketches a picture of abstract justice far too perfect for any hope of immediate consummation in this imperfect world. Yet it is equally sure that the final outcome will be a situation infinitely better than the status quo ante. Before the discussion of details had more than begun it seemed safe to predict the renunciation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance; an honest definition of the "open door"; the settlement of the Shantung issue, and the withdrawal of Japanese forces from Siberia.

What of the hope that the likelihood of war may be lessened? To the writer that hope, as the Conference wrestles with the whole Far Eastern question, seems decidedly bright.

My optimism is based on the belief that the logic of events will force the Conference into construc-

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tive action: namely, the creation of some sort of concert of the powers for handling such future questions concerning international relationships in the Far East as may from time to time arise.

America asks the breaking down of the existing international structure in the Far East, in which the strongest present factor is the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Her program is almost wholly negative. Some sort of constructive effort must be made to replace the destroyed structure by new machinery for the maintenance of an international equilibrium, or the menace of war will be greater than ever, and the Conference had better never have been called. Such machinery can hardly take any other form than a working arrangement among the four powers most concerned for the amicable settlement of international disputes of every character.

China would welcome such a concert of the powers, if she were given representation upon it, as any stable and enduring Chinese government ought to be. Japan would welcome it if it included the United States and excluded China—in which case it would mean merely a broadening of the Anglo-Japanese alliance into a tripartite treaty. Great Britain would probably endorse the four-power plan—provided that a government survives or is born in China strong enough to enter the concert on terms of comparative equality. The danger is that the fall of the existing régime at Peking may bring about international intervention and create a frame of mind in Great Britain and America unfavorable to the inclusion of China as an equal, even if and when a strong new government does arise. A permanent grouping of the powers which did not include China would be a tragic error.

Treaties in the United States are made with the advice and consent of the Senate. The reduction of naval armament must be incorporated in a treaty to be legally binding upon the House and Senate which authorize expenditures for naval construction. If the Senate continues in its present temper, a two-thirds majority will ratify such a document. Would it also approve a document arranging an understanding among the nations vitally concerned in the Far East? If not, could such an understanding be expressed in a "gentlemen's agreement," of a sort which would give us a sufficiently firm grip, to be undiplomatically candid, on Japan?

The creation of such a concert of the powers would be difficult, dangerous and laborious business. But so is war.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Washington, D. C.

In the Press Seats

SOMEBODY said here the other day by way of a jest that this Conference would have to do something important to justify its existence to the overwhelming array of responsible journalists who have gathered here from all parts of the world to report and comment upon its proceedings. It was said lightly, but it is the simple truth.

It is an actual fact and one of the essential facts of this assembly, that it is under an obligation to the press of the world, as spokesmen of the great inarticulate mass of mankind everywhere, to produce some noteworthy, convincing decision out of its meeting here. Moreover, I think, it feels and acknowledges this obligation. That is something gained and a happy augury.

It has long been the practice and the fashion, notably in Washington, prior to and during such gatherings as this to honey up the newspaper writers and recite to them eulogistic platitudes on the power of the press. Principal dignitaries, a little weary from the weight of the world, were summoned to speak from a great height on the responsibilities of the press and the necessity of its cooperation in bringing about whatever detour in the destiny of mankind was under consideration at the moment. Their easy, rounded, worn formulas became familiar to all of us.

We took them as part of the routine of the day's work. One mounting period that did gallant service for many years was builded up to the point of the ringing declaration that in all of his years of experience and contact with newspaper men the speaker had never had his confidences betrayed by one of them. This inspiring confession of faith was habitually used until it began to evoke (laughter) instead of (applause) when it was reluctantly abandoned.

And now, quite to the general amazement, and perhaps to the slight consternation of some of the panel of eminent personages sitting here to determine the future peace of the world, all of the things they have been saying for years usually by way of polite palaver to the practitioner of the self-denying profession of journalism have suddenly become sharply true. It makes for a new arrangement of viewpoint and a new technique in procedure.

What it comes to in actual terms is that this specific Conference on the Limitation of Armaments could dispense with its delegates with no more loss to its effectiveness and its successful outcome than it could dispense with its overshadowing press gallery. The newspaper writers and correspondents here are not merely attending the Confer-

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ence, they are an integral part of it. For the most part they have been chosen with as much care by their constituencies and principals as were the delegates themselves by their respective governments. For the most part, too, they are men with ample backgrounds of experience and observation and of proven competence not only in reporting facts, but in analyzing motives and interpreting actions.

The attendance here is sharply and clearly divided into two groups or elements. One the regular working newspaper men, who are in the preponderant majority and who carry the burden of the really responsible and necessary work, and the other made up of special writers, novelists, publicists—call them what you will, who are temporarily and for the period of the Conference writing for newspapers. This group is known locally and technically as the trained seals.

For example, Mr. Bryan is here as a trained seal. He comes to his work every day in a high silk hat, a Prince Albert coat and a long blue cloak or cape draped about his shoulders just like the tenor in The Bohemian Girl. Every time the word "peace" is mentioned in the open sessions of the Conference Mr. Bryan stands on his feet and applauds, which is in flat contravention of the code of practice of all press galleries.

As one who has long attended Mr. Bryan in his journeying and has thus become familiar with his imperative cravings and necessities, I venture to hope that a national disaster may be averted by giving the ex-Peerless Leader a chance to make a speech. Peace and disarmament is his dish. He has visibly got within him now a speech swelling and burgeoning to escape its confines. It is exerting a pressure of an untold number of pounds on every square inch of his solid frame. Every friend of humanity and sympathizer with human suffering will beseech the delegates to give Mr. Bryan his chance. The delegates to national conventions always do, and in some of its aspects this is not unlike one of those.

It will, perhaps, be conceded that the quiet, shy, diffident, soft-spoken H. G. Wells and Wickham Steed of the Times are the preeminent figures among the foreign writers who sit in the press sections. Wells carries a union card, as do Nevinson of the Manchester Guardian, Hamilton of the Chronicle and others of the English journalists I have encountered. Colonel Repington, I believe does not carry one, but the others are affiliated with the trades unionist movement. Some of these English journalists have been going about in a sort of mist and bewilderment seeking to discover what they call "the American mind" and how it functions or operates. These were greatly helped by Mr. Hughes' speech. It is a trivial and irrelevant detail, but all the English seem to make out better on our sham or near-beer than reasonably could have been expected. At any rate they drink it consistently at lunch and dinner and seem not to find it bad. This shows a degree of imagination for which we have never given them due credit. Or maybe the thin war beer has vitiated their palates.

The Japanese group of newspaper men is unexpectedly large and representative. One of the papers out there has sent, I believe, five men. They are a compact and on the whole rather silent group not given much to free discussion and private expression of opinion. Most of them speak a little English, and some of them fluently. They are so intent upon being civil and polite and seeing and hearing everything that is going on that as yet they have not disclosed a taste of their true quality.

The French have sent of their best. Millet of the Petit Parisien, Le Chartier of the Journal des Débats, Lauzanne of the Matin, "Pertinax" of the Echo de Paris, are all very much citizens of the world. I would venture to put Millet at the head of the list in breadth of understanding and vision, and appreciation of the American attitude and state of mind in so far as it has been disclosed at the Conference sessions. All of the French journalists strike one as being very much of the world of politics. It is useful and valuable to have their reports as well as some of the chief English reports printed simultaneously in newspapers in this country. If we can know upon what statements of fact and surmise foreign comment on the Conference is based, we are that much nearer to a general understanding.

I am inclined to give Mr. Hughes a great part of the credit for the large understanding that has brought the press to its present estate here at this juncture. Mr. Hughes from the beginning has urged publicity for the affairs of the congress. He has seen to it that provision was made for the comfort and convenience of the men writing about the Conference. A stenographic transcript of each day's proceeding and speeches is ready almost as soon as the open sessions adjourn. And to crown it all, as Mr. Balfour said the other day, Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes have not only given the Conference a program and a concrete proposal with which to begin work, but they have given it a motto, "honesty, simplicity, honor." An atmosphere has been created in which every writing man here rejoices, for it means opportunity for telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth and to that end admirable facilities are being offered.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

Washington, D. C.

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After the Play

SOME people, including Lord Dunsany, seem to think that you cannot introduce fantasy into the theatre unless you have gods and daemons. After seeing Mr. Eugene O'Neill's Anna Christie at the Vanderbilt Theatre, (presented by Arthur Hopkins), I am so drunk with fantasy extracted from hard-boiled human beings that I don't know how to become sober.

Mr. O'Neill is full of capable trickiness. He knows how to lard his tears with laughter, his fog with lamplight, his violence with love. He helps himself with a heaping spoon to all the big elemental things of the theatre: booze, prostitutes, father-love, life on the ocean wave, knives, revolvers, and the clenched fist. But what is more than a trick, what makes him both fascinating and amusing, is his audacious use of all this material to produce what he wants, pathos and romance inside the theatre. A prostitute to him has great romantic values, the right kind of prostitute, but no more than a rawboned Irish stoker who "carries on his hairy chest" the cross his mother wore. An old Swedish bo'sun who keeps talking of Old Devil Sea —that seems a useful pigment to Mr. O'Neill in the scene he is trying to concoct. So does the very title of Act Two: "the barge, Simeon Winthrop, at anchor in the harbor of Provincetown, Mass.," or the title of Act One: "Johnny-the-Priest's saloon near the Waterfront, New York City." But to use such sweetened symbols without something harsh and strong is never likely to betray Mr. O'Neill. He makes his saloon with the romantic name a gray-lighted, sombre barrel-house. He hangs it like a drab backdrop behind Anna Christie, the tough kid from Minnesota who was seduced by her own cousin on the drudging farm and who lived in a "house" in St. Paul and who hates every son of a gun of a man and who talks piquant, comic, filliping slang. Her old father, Chris Christopherson, has her meet him in this saloon after their years of separation. She braces herself with whisky before he arrives, pouring out her story to an old prostitute, Marthy Owen. Anna has been in prison-hospital. She is weak, disillusioned, suspicious, but young and naïve. The old man is hungry for her. He meets her shyly and kindly. She stands off, comes to him tentatively, begins to thaw. But both of them have the roughness that is so desirable in simple people, in terriers and in automobile overcoats. Both of them say "yust" yust at the right moment. The melting mood is adroitly tempered with quaintness, a drop of lemon. And Mr. O'Neill can make his melting audience gasp and run to laughter time and time again.

Anna Christie, still an innocent young girl to her kindly father, goes with him to gladden his heart on the coal-barge. There she finds, in the clean peace of the wide sky and water, that the sea is in her blood as in the blood of all Scandinavians. She finds that a coal-barge is not black with coal-dust and that even a barge goes away from shore. But her "rest-cure" in the Provincetown fog does not go on forever. A boat from the open sea full of wrecked sailors comes alongside and out of the fog limp and stagger the survivors of the Old Devil Sea. One of them is an Irish stoker, the broth of a boy, boastful, chivalrous, romantic, blasphemous, superstitious. He is just as useful for pathos as any prostitute, and just as resourcefully managed. In the first ten minutes of his rescue, alone with Anna Christie on that part of a barge which is set back like an alcove with a long bench in it, and with one solitary lamp glimmering around them through the fog, the big Irishman falls roaring in love with her, especially after she knocks him down. He does everything that he ought to do as a romantic Irishman. "A fine lady the like of yourself," "the great strenth in me" "I'll bate any ten scuts, I'm tellin' ye." In a voice that would have made his fortune as a shouting parish priest, Mr. Frank Shannon rivals Miss Pauline Lord in creating exactly the kind of pathos that Mr. O'Neill intended. And Mr. George Marion as the old father madly jealous of the Irish swine comes right into the picture.

The show-down is obvious. Mat Burke, the noisy and eloquent stoker, comes to Boston with the barge and defies the father to keep him from marrying Anna. In the midst of their primitive fight, when the father tries to pull a knife, Anna arrives and sees the situation. She loves Mat Burke but she doesn't think she's good enough to marry him. Being "on the level," enraged at her false position, and maddened by the obstinate conflicting passions of lover and father, she shoves both wrangling men from her in the little cabin and screams out her own story of what she really is.

The primitive males recoil, as primitive males do. Each goes his own way, to get drunk, to beat up the innocent bystander, to forget his black shame and broken heart. But there has to be a fourth act. With a certain amount of cheerful impudence Mr. O'Neill reassembles everybody and establishes the reunion between Mat and Anna. This is not on the same romantic or pathetic level as the rest of the drama. But what can a poor dramatist do? He has gone the limit in hanging the female kitten over the abyss from which she's been rescued. He has exploited to the last the extravagant glories of the Irish coal-passer. He has laid bare the throbbing paternal heart. If Anna goes back to prostitution, or the old man kills Mat Burke, or Mat Burke really quits and ships to Capetown, the delicious fantasy of Gael and Gall goes all to pieces, and ugly commonsense emerges. It is therefore necessary to cheat. The least loss is involved in a somewhat inglorious happy ending.

After so many thrills as Anna Christie affords, and after such admirably sustained acting as that of the principals, it seems a pity not to rush out with a full heart believing that Mr. O'Neill is a genius. He seems to me in this play to prove that he can, when he wants to, catch the idiom of chorus-girls. Anna talks like a pert chorus-girl. He seems also to have a really lavish capacity for fantasy, with any number of pleasant and original inflections that only go with a quick imagination. He seems also to have inside the bolus of his Irishman and his Swede a certain amount of reality. But he does not appear, on the whole, to be keenly interested in reality. He thinks that it is enough to tip people's emotions up and down, especially to give them pathos and excitement, with an appearance of what the Irishman calls "strenth." The development of his genius certainly cannot be along these theatrical lines. Anna Christie is, essentially, a hoax. Sailor men, girls who've "gone wrong," stokers, don't pictorialize themselves in these familiar ways. To make a real composition, corresponding not only to the theatre but to life, Mr. O'Neill must undoubtedly handle people for something besides their effectiveness. The American theatre cannot be modelled on American advertising, which is so obsessed with effectiveness. It must, to become adult, see people for themselves.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Contemporary Portraits

Contemporary Portraits, third series, by Frank Harris. New York: Frank Harris, 40 Seventh avenue.

FRANK HARRIS is a man of genius, one of the few men of genius living. By those swift and free movements which are possible only to the winged, by instant ascent to sweeping radiant vision, he is enabled to comprehend the pertinent realities toward which most of us plod, grub, and dig—usually in the wrong direction.

His genius, however, seems to me to be trammelled. With all his intuition, with superb muscle and will, Harris does not command his empire. He is, he says, a rebel. That is true. But what he most rebels against is not the external but the internal. He is not domesticated in his own soul. He talks mournfully of martyrs, with one eye on himself; he dreams Don Quixote. But the truth is that with all his sense of real quixotism and martyrdom and unpopularity, the division is in himself.

The source of this division I do not know, or fancy I know. I only feel that this man of genius transfers to the world a conflict which exists mainly in his bosom. And scarcely ever, for this reason, is his mind free of the problem in human domestication which is Frank Harris.

I could imagine him, with his flaming eyes, his fighter's moustache, his lion's voice, the leader of any renaissance crew. He should, perhaps, never have been a man of letters, but a tiger of adventure, framed with fearful symmetry—not, as he says, "dreadful" symmetry. But mysterious chance has made him a writing man. A real tiger, not the stuffed cat which is Clemenceau, he has all the same spent his life and subdued his nature in the sober harness of literary self-expression. In such harness he inevitably looks untamed, wild, disreputable. And no rebellion, no violence, no recklessness of statement, can ease such a man of action. He, like Cellini, should have had priceless jewels to play with and bombs to fling, to realize the rich, eager nature that came to him straight from the steaming earth.

Instead he wrote, significantly enough, Montes the Matador and The Bomb. He wrote that marvelous jewelled book, The Man Shakespeare. And, in his uncommon and brave subordination of great gifts, he has produced sixty Contemporary Portraits.

This third series is as valuable as the earlier ones. Whatever the division in his nature, here he is sublimated and elicits from himself an amazing sweetness and tolerance. His intelligence is broad enough to hold men like Chesterton and Galsworthy whom his temperament alone could not accommodate. Many of his portraits flash with temperament. Some are deliberately gracious and in a few the reservations, especially as to sex, are plain. But you cannot read these sixteen sketches without feeling the warm romantic insight, the spiritual energy, the power to catch the soul in motion, the just perspective of fine taste. Take one line on John Morley, "The bleak face lighted up with a glint of wintry sunshine." Take one bit of the penetrating account of H. G. Wells: "Nothing arresting or peculiar in the face, save the eyes: eyes that grew on one. They were of ordinary size, a grayish blue in color, but intent, shadowed, suggesting depth like water in a half-covered spring; observant eyes, too, that asked questions, but reflection, meditation the note of them; eyes almost pathetic in the patience of their scrutiny."

With a flair of his own he sees Cunninghame Graham, Gaudier-Brzeska, Augustus John, Coventry Patmore. These he sees with an eye for differences, but with his constant love of gallantry. He is sympathetic to, rather than with, Arthur Symons, Upton Sinclair, Louis Wilkinson, W. L. George. He is no sweeter than a just witness should be. He is not cruel, even to Winston Churchill. And with glowing color he paints Huxley and Alfred Russel Wallace.

No one knows better than Frank Harris himself that in this book his wine is sometimes served in a chipped cup. It is a weary hand that writes: "Wilkinson has the heart of the matter in him I am persuaded and so I bid him gird up his loins and give us his very best." This is English without dignity. But the deeper laziness, laziness of perception, is not here. Frank Harris has not whittled, like Whistler, rather he has painted with full imagination, but his keen drawing, his ultimate fidelity to structure, is clear to the examining eye. When he comes to his Autobiography, which he now promises, we should have a masterpiece. Meanwhile the master's hand is to be seen in these Portraits. To read them is "to warm both hands before the fire of life."

FRANCIS HACKETT.

A Defender of the Faith

Divine Personality and Human Life. Being the Gifford Lectures (Part II) delivered in the University of Aberdeen in 1918 *and* 1919, *by Clement C. J. Webb, Fellow of St. Mary Magdalene College, Oxford. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.; New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.00.*

SINCE the appearance of these lectures, of which the first volume was reviewed in these pages last year, their author has been appointed to the newly founded Oriel Professorship of the Philosophy of the Christian Religion at the University of Oxford. Alike the appointment and the work by which it was earned are symptomatic of a revival of Theism in contemporary English thought. "Back to God" is the watchword of the latest philosophy of religion. In this there is a significant change of tone and temper. Twenty or thirty years ago, the handling by philosophers of the concept of God, and of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith, was either severely critical or else timid and apologetic. Naturalism represented religion as effete superstition, vanishing like the shades of night before the rising sun of science. Comtists in all lands preached the religion of humanity. Those philosophers—and they were of many different schools—who tried to save something of religion in the traditional sense, yet thought it necessary to jettison most of it as mythological. With Bradley, they could declare that God is "riddled by contradictions". With Hoeffding, avoiding the term God altogether, they would define religion as "faith in the conservation of values". With Royce or Taylor, they might identify God and the Absolute. With Bosanquet, on the other hand, they might distinguish between them and rank the Absolute above God. With Bergson, they might deify the cosmic élan vital, or with S. Alexander, the English Realist, speak not of God but of "Deity", as a quality of perfection yet to be achieved by a universe in evolution. It was inevitable that from all these experiments the pendulum should swing back to a re-examination of the old orthodoxies, and that these, weighed once again, should this time not be found wanting. This return to a Personal God—not, be it noted, to the

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Absolute of philosophical Idealism—has hardly as yet begun to touch American philosophical thought, but when it does, American students will appreciate, as they do not appreciate now, that in Professor W. E. Hocking, of Harvard University, the movement already has a representative on their side whose work does not need to fear comparison with the best on the English side.

All forms of this new Theism have one thing in common: they appeal directly to the religious experience as evidence for the belief in a Personal God, i. e., a God with whom a personal relationship is possible for his worshippers. Such an argument is obviously not demonstrative in the sense that it can compel the unbeliever by sheer force of reasoning to acknowledge God. The argument is helpless except where it can appeal to actual, first-hand religious experience. The reality of such experience is its fundamental premise. Where that is lacking, God is bound to be an empty phrase, just as beauty is a meaningless word to those wholly devoid of aesthetic experience, or color to those congenitally blind. An open-minded critic must at least concede that, granted religious experience, the orthodox position, sympathetically interpreted as it is by Mr. Webb, can be made to appear extraordinarily plausible and reasonable. It has its difficulties, and perhaps they are even insuperable. But in this respect Theism is no worse off than any other philosophical system. And the unprejudiced critic will bear in mind that in sensitiveness to difficulties we all, without knowing it, are the victims of the Time-Spirit which triumphantly restores in one generation the views which the preceding generation prided itself on having laid to rest forever.

In this volume, Mr. Webb has set himself the two-fold task of showing, first, that only in the context of belief in a Personal God can the typical activities of man find an adequate interpretation; and, secondly, that such a belief forbids that depreciation of human personality as transient and of subordinate value, upon which Naturalism and Absolute Idealism appear to agree. The chapters (VIII-X) in which Mr. Webb discharges this second task are by far the best in the book. The criticisms of Bradley and Bosanquet in chapter IX are excellent, and his discussion of immortality in chapter X is admirable in tone and substance. Like Royce, Webb infers immortality from the unique value of human individuality which is implied in personal relation to God. This positive conclusion undoubtedly gains very much in impressiveness from his own frank confession of a "prejudice against a belief which jars upon and distresses my imagination and from the consideration of which my mind has an instinctive tendency to turn aside."

In the interpretation of human activities—economic, scientific, aesthetic, moral, political, religious—through the belief in a Personal God (chapter II-VII), Mr. Webb seems much less successful, though perhaps this impression is due only to the fact that we have got out of the habit of considering economics, or science, or art from the religious point of view. The economic life, thinks Mr. Webb, has religious value in supplying that friction between the flesh and the spirit without which the religious life would be impoverished. Again, scientific determinism teaches the vanity of human life and induces humility far more effectively than the old eschatologies. The chapter on Art discusses, on the basis of the theology of William Blake, the religious value of the general tendency on the part of artists towards polytheism rather than monotheism. But the most debatable chapters are those which offer a "theonomic" theory of morality and a "theocratic" theory of political obligation. The former amounts to the contention that the sense of duty is best derived, not as by Kant from the autonomy of reason, but from the will of God. Similarly, "the true ground of preference of free and popular institutions over despotic law lies not in this: that no one is really under *obligation* to obey any authority but one which is ultimately *his own*; but in this: that only where he has himself a say in appointing or accepting the vehicles of that authority can he be counted upon to acquiesce in that authority as—not his own—but the best representative he can find of God's." Now, leaving aside the divine right of kings and other historical applications of this principle, it is, of course, a possible interpretation of that patriotism which is the only form of genuine religion that many modern men know. Their nation or country is their God, and its rulers are God's vicars. But, it cannot be emphasized too emphatically that this God it not the God of Christ's teaching. There is little in the politics even of democratic peoples which a genuine Christian can possibly "reverence." Moreover, as Lord Acton reminds us when he claims that in the Middle Ages freedom reigned because the church, as a society based on spiritual standards, successfully withstood domination by the political state, religious obligation has often conflicted with political obligation. The history of Nonconformity is full of instances.

Mr. Webb puts us before the choice: either political obedience is a form of obedience to God, or else it rests on nothing but self-interest and fear. Most of us would prefer the former view, could we but convince ourselves of its truth. But such conviction is difficult to achieve so long as Mr. Webb fails entirely to apply his theory either to conflicts of church and state or to present-day tendencies in politics and in political theory. The war has left us with few illusions about the quality or the purposes of those who govern us. It is not really plausible to say that in Harding or Lloyd George or Lenin we perceive in an eminent sense "the presence of God."

R. F. Alfred Hoernlé.

The Translator's Art

Niels Lyhne, by J. P. Jacobsen, translated from the Danish by Hanna Astrup Larsen. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00.

Ditte: Daughter of Man, by Martin Andersen Nexó, translated from the Danish by A. G. Chater. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.00.

J. P. JACOBSEN, although he had much in common with Gautier and Flaubert, was also part of that Scandinavian self-questioning time which brought forth Ibsen. Perhaps Ibsen recognized this kinship when he called Niels Lyhne the greatest novel of the nineteenth century.

Niels was the battleground of the drifting romantic temperament of his mother, and the earthy sense of reality he inherited from his father. The former usually won, but he was always uncomfortably aware of the scorn of the latter. "There was in Niels Lyhne's nature a lame reflectiveness, child of an instinctive shrinking from decisive action, grandchild of a subconscious sense that he lacked personality . . . How he envied the audacity that rushes

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confidently into words, never heeding that words bring actions, and actions bring consequences—until those consequences are at its heels. People who possessed it always seemed to him like centaurs—man and horse cast in a single mould. With them impulse and leap were one, whereas he was divided into rider and horse—impulse one thing, leap something very different."

And so he dreamed about shining perfect poems, which he never wrote, and yearned for a true companion in love, whom he never found. He sought her, as young men proverbially do, first among women older than himself, women wrapped in the mystic and becoming weeds of disillusion, which they were quite content to put on if so charming a youth would offer them his devotion as an alternate garment. But either Niels discovered the rag-doll underneath, or they grew tired of pedestal purities, and so Mrs. Boye and Mme. Odéro left him bitter for a while. Another love, stronger and truer than either of these, was based on deceit, and it too failed. Niels at last gave his broken wings to a young girl to mend, as older men proverbially do.

Gerda was sweet and pure, with a low womanly forehead and trusting blue eyes . . . "He had unwittingly become this young lady's ideal, at first chiefly because he often rode into town wearing a gray mantle of a very foreign and romantic cut, then because he always said Milano instead of Milan, and finally because he was alone in the world and had rather a sad countenance." Niels married Gerda, and with her he was quietly happy, as a man might be who had abdicated from the kingdom of dreams. From his heaven-storming days, he cherished only one flame, and this curiously enough was the principle of atheism. But for Niels this was a symbol of integrity, of not trying to evade consequences through soft repentance. Gerda, an eager disciple of a wife, insisted on changing her childhood faith for that of her husband, but when she was dying, soon after their marriage, she turned from the embrace of Niels to her Christmas God. Then their child died, and here Niels broke, and prayed. As an atonement, then, for what he felt to be betrayal of the truth, he did not bend to religion when his own death came. Niels was wounded in the Slesvig war, and died of his wounds "babbling of his armor and of how he must die standing."

This passionate atheism, a creed in itself, is eloquently discussed throughout the book. It seems, somehow, a rather academic question now, except, of course, as it too is part of the problems of the human being who happens to read Niels Lyhne. But on the whole one feels that in these days J. P. Jacobsen's master-piece will be read chiefly for its marvelously subtle record of the emotional experiences of a sensitive idealist, and for the veracious portraiture of every person set before us in it. And, thanks to the translator, it can be read, even in English, for the unsurpassed rhythm and color of its style.

One of the reasons why there are so few good translations is that so few of these are recognized. In this case, Niels Lyhne has been absolutely adequately translated by Miss Hanna Astrup Larsen. Not only is the meaning of the words rightly conveyed but their bright colors and subtle nuances. Even the author's very cadence, the long trailing swing of his sentences, is not lost in English. Are the reviewers grateful for a translation so good that one reads it as if it were the original? None that I have seen. In the New York Times, the translator's name is not even mentioned in the heading. Others praise the "wonderful accuracy" with which the style is rendered, and stop there. Style apparently renders itself. The anguish of pouring the wine of genius into the new jar of another language without spilling half or ruining the flavor is, of course, known to few. Reviewers may say they can hardly be expected to know Danish. It isn't necessary. If they know English, and can tell when it is fluent, idiomatic, unstrained, they can recognize a good translation.

Niels Lyhne, then, stands on its own merits in this version. With it, the little safety formula can't be used that "of course much of the beauty of the original is lost etc." Spartan stylists may feel that Jacobsen's language is too enamelled, too full of cameo carving, and in that case learning Danish wouldn't help them. The translator has been faithful. Even the uni-lingual can see this in a passage such as the following. It is the Swiss churchyard of Clarens where Niels buried his mother, "where broken columns and veiled urns repeat the same words of mourning in so many languages. They gleam white under dark cypresses and among the winter bloom of the viburnum; early roses strew their petals over many of them, and often the ground at their base is blue with violets, but over every mound and every stone creep the glossy-leaved vines of the gentle periwinkle, Rousseau's favorite flower, sky blue as never a sky was blue."

From this, it is discouraging to turn to the second volume of Ditte, Daughter of Man, by Martin Andersen Nexó, translated by A. G. Chater, press attaché to the British legation in Copenhagen, and Richard Thirsk. Still the aid of Mr. Thirsk has been useful. In the first volume, published under the erroneous title of Ditte: Girl Alive, there were so many prurient expurgations, absurd mistakes, and so much awkward English that one could only warn the public it wasn't being offered anything with a real relation to the splendid work of Nexó. In the second volume, the most glaring faults have not been repeated. Someone evidently saw to it that Mr. Chater's ideas, or the English publisher's, of what was decorous and elegant did not interfere with the "realism" of the author, as the American publisher apologetically calls it. Ditte is actually allowed to suckle her child in this volume, and in the first her grandmother wasn't even allowed to think about such things. But although literal correctness is nearer and there are not very many mistakes in the actual meaning of Danish words, the vivid style and sympathetic warmth of Nexó is bleached and chilled. Simple, colloquial Danish cannot be rendered by academic English nor by vulgar slang nor by forced quaintness. Nexó's translators say "void" instead of "hole," and "agriculture" for "farming." They use the comic supplement "kiddy" for an endearing diminutive, and they make a fisherman talk about "peasant spawn," when he means something like "a pack of farmers."

It is as hard to appreciate Ditte, Daughter of Man in this version as it is to appreciate a painting in a bad sepia print. The second volume takes the little, illegitimate, hard-worked girl beyond her childhood of which the formal boundary is fourteen. At that age she goes into service on a farm, an outlying, dark, fearful place where the woman of the house and her son are both half mad. The thick, sinister atmosphere, the small girl bewildered in it, are thrillingly conveyed by Nexó. Ditte, in all innocence, one might say, has a child by the son, boards it out, and goes to the capital as a servant. This part, half the book,

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is an epic of all the black sufferings of servants. In the end, Ditte mothers a drunken workman, who drowns, and leaves her with nothing but the consolation of a second pregnancy.

This sounds more gloomy than one could bear to read, and Nexó does seem to desire the martyr's crown for his heroine. But it is his boundless knowledge of the words and thoughts of those shut out from security and happiness that makes his book true and great, and for this reason the failure to convey the human speech of his characters is doubly unfortunate.

SIGNE TOKSVIG.

Drama and Fact

The British and American Drama of Today, by Barrett H. Clark. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Co. $2.50.

"EPICURUS pleases me, for his tenets are solid," Molière's Armande remarks. And Belise: "I agree with the doctrine of atoms, though I find it difficult to understand a vacuum." Monsieur Trissotin spouts a reply; and Philaminte adds, "But I find in ethics charms that quite delight my heart. I quite prefer the Stoics and I think nothing so splendid as their founder." Nowadays with us in America these same people are talking after this fashion about drama.

For all such Belises and Trissotins Mr. Clark's book comes as a salutary resource. It will supply many good, honest facts to fill out the radiant measure of their flourishes. The Drama Clubs and little groups of thinkers will find it full of matter that will give them a foundation to spring from.

But the British and American Drama is not for these people only. It is otherwise almost exactly what the author claims for it: an outline, not very subtle, not intended for specialists but for lay students. Taken with Mr. Clark's book on European drama and his very useful compendium of European Theories of the Theatre, this is a piece of work that has a definite reference value. The main gap in the list is the inexcusable omission of Eugene O'Neill. It should also be noted that except for Lady Gregory none of the women dramatists seem to have been born, though it is hardly the author's fault if they refuse to have any ages. The bibliographies alone make the book worth buying.

STARK YOUNG.

Selected Current Books

My Dear Wells, by Henry Arthur Jones. Dutton. $3.00.
Mr. Jones attacks Mr. Wells as a "hater of England," etc.

Seeing Things at Night, by Heywood Broun. Harcourt. $2.00.
"Anything and everything," dedicated to Heywood Broun 3rd.

More Trivia, by Logan Pearsall Smith. $1.60.
"Anything and everything" in lapidary form.

The Young Enchanted, by Hugh Walpole. Doran. $2.00.
A romance of London.

The China Shop, by G. B. Stern. Knopf. $2.50.
By the author of Debatable Ground.

Married Life and Happiness, by William J. Robinson, M. D. Critic & Guide Co.
"Love and comfort in marriage," by a physiological realist. Sex morality, dandruff and snoring.

Plays of Edmond Rostand. Two volumes. Macmillan. $10.50.
Translated by H. D. Norman, illustrated by Ivan Glidden.

Memories and Notes of Persons and Places, by Sir Sidney Colvin. New York: Scribners. $3.50.
Sidney Colvin's recollections from 1852 to 1912, concerning Ruskin, Burne-Jones, Rosetti, Browning, Meredith, Gladstone as well as Stevenson.

History of the United States, Volume V, by Edward Channing. New York: Macmillan. $4.50.
The period of transition 1815-1848.

Collected Poems, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: Macmillan. $3.50.
Mr. Robinson's work from 1896 to 1921, with a portrait frontispiece.

The German Army in Belgium, translated by E. N. Bennett. Huebsch. $3.00.
An English ex-officer translates the White Book defending the German Government against charges of military atrocity in Belgium. The preface discusses reprisals in Ireland.

London River, by H. M. Tomlinson. Knopf. $2.50.
The London of ships and the sea; described by a master.

The Briary Bush, by Floyd Dell. Knopf. $2.50.
Another novel concerning the Moon-Calf, giving his married life in literary Chicago.

A New Constitution for New America, by William MacDonald. Huebsch. $2.00.
A discussion of the evils arising from an eighteenth century constitution and the way to handle the problem of a constitution.

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